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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Accounts of the Numbers of the French *Prisoners. Remarks on the same. Of the* Jacobites *Behaviour during the Series of Good News. A Story of a Topping* Jacobite. *The* Country-man's *Proposal for Storming the Popes Palace.*

From **Wednesday** August the 23d, to **Saturday** August the 26th, 1704.

Obs. HOnest *Country-man*, How do'st do? Thou look'st Merrily: Hast got another Fighting Story?

Country-m. I had got a Fighting Story for you from Sea on *Sunday*, but I lost it again before *Monday* Morning. For my part, the last Fighting Story from the Duke of *Marlborough* will support my Spirits a Month, without any Victuals. I am grown so Fat with Joy, I can hardly waddle along the Streets; and so wonderful Proud am I, that I can hardly vouchsafe to speak to ordinary Persons. I must send *Tom* to Market for the future; I am now above Selling of Corn, and Hogs, and Cows.

Obs. Bless me! Elevated above thy Occupation! Hast got a better Employment than Selling of Corn, and Cows, and Hogs?

Country-m. Yes, yes, at least I design a better; to Sell *French-Men*, *French Generals*, Old Boy; Monsieurs in Lac'd Coats, and long Perriwigs. Look-ye, d'ye see, Goodman *Jones* of the *Savoy*, has Printed a List of 'em. The Duke of *Marlborough* has sent a whole drove of *French* Generals and Colonels to *Frankfort*; where, they say, they are to be Sold, as we Sell Hogs at *Finchly* or *Rumford*.

Obs. I have seen abundance of Books Sold at *Frankfort*, but I never knew before it was a Mart for *French* Generals.

Country-m. It must be so now; we must not keep 'em long on our Hands, they'll fall in their Flesh, and be Stunted like Hogs.

Obs. But what wilt thou do with a *French* General when thou hast him?

Country-m. Do with him! Why I'll bring him Home, and make a *Gibeonite* of him, he shall Hew Wood, and Draw Water for my Family, and I'll take my Turn-Spit out of the Wheel, and put him into't.

Obs. O Rare *Country-man*, thoul't be a Fine Fellow.

Country-m Why, there are so many of 'em, one at least comes to my Share. Look, here is the List of 'em, and Gaffer *Tallard* in the Front.

Obs. They say he was taken in a Barn.

Country-m. Would I had him in my Barn, I'd make an *Owl* of him, and teach him to catch *Mice*.

Obs. But Prithee, what are these Generals Names?

Country-m. Names quoth'a! I'm sure they are plaguy hard Ones, the Devil was their Namer: Here's Monsieur *de Hautefeville*, Maitre de Camp, General of Dragons. Here's Monsieur *de la Massalliere*, Brigadier General of the *Gens d'Arms*, and I can't tell how many more Mounsheir's *la's* and *de's*, with Names hard enough to break ones Gullet. Here's Monsieur *Saussage*, I warrant him his Mother was a *French* Tripe-Woman, and Marrying *Tallards* Daughter, he's become an *Aid de Camp*. And then in comes Prince *Maubecq*, of *Lorrain*, a Prince of Fortune, a poor Captain of Horse, ruin'd for ever. Horse, Saddle, and Bridle, Jack-boots and Pistols, all *Forlorn*. All the Doubty Heroes are now Mounsheir's Prisoners, Jayl-Birds every Mothers Son of 'em. But I can't forbear Laughing to find two *English* Fellows among 'em.

Obs. Two *Englishmen* among 'em!

Country-m. Yes, two *Englishmen*, I am sure they have *English* Names.

Obs. What are they?

Country-m. One of 'em is called the Marquis *Silly*, and he was a Brigadier General of Horse; the other is called Monsieur *Jolly*, and he was a Brigadier General of Dragoons.

Obs. Prithee Man, those are *French* Names, and those Officers are *Frenchmen*.

Country-m. It may be so. But I thought Mr. *Silly*, by his Name, had been some Topping *High-Flying Perkenite* of *London*; but let him be what Country-man he will, I fancy he looks very *Sillily* upon the Business; he is caught in the Duke of *Marlborough's* Pound; as for Mr. Monsieur *Jolly*, I protest I thought he had been Kin to *Ned Jolly* at *Stratford*, and, I'll warrant him, a Bottle of *Neds* Stout Beer would sit very well upon his Stomach, if he knew how to come at it.

Obs. Thou art quite mistaken in the condition of Prisoners of War, they are civilly entertain'd according to their Quality: Here's *Ben. Harris's* Express says, *That these General Officers had the Honour to Dine with the Duke of* Marlborough.

Country-m. I know his Grace is a Civil Gentleman, even to his Enemies; and I didn't care if all the *French* Generals in *Europe*, and the Tyrant their Master too, had the Honour to Dine with the Duke. But what must be done with all these *French* Fellows? Here are 16 General Officers, 13 Colonels, 1200 other Officers, and 11000 Common Soldiers, taken Prisoners, a brave Brush upon my Honour. Two Armies Kill'd, and one Army taken Prisoners. Why, Sir, 10 or 12000 Men was accounted a good Army in former Days. These Fellows will Eat a power of Bread and Cheese; and I am told that our Queen and the States must be at the Charge of what they Eat while they are Prisoners.

Obs. Let that Point alone, care will be taken of that Affair.

Country-m. Pray, Sir, what is the Name of the Devils Wife?

Obs. Proserpina.

Country-m. I would have all these *French* Generals Heads Chopt off, and strung upon a Cord, to make a *Jubilee* Necklace for Madam *Proserpina*.

Obs. Thou art Cruel to Prisoners of War; the *English* must show more Humanity than that comes to.

Country-m. On my Conscience they would have done

done as bad or worse by the Duke of *Marlborough* and our Generals, if they could have taken them. If these Generals should be let go, they'll appear in Arms against us, with the same Men, the next Campaign.

Obs. Therefore let 'em have the Conditions of our Regiment in *Portugal*, not to Fight any more against the Confederates for such a time, or let us send 'em to Sir *George Rook*, to be employ'd in cutting off the *Isthmus* of Land, and make *Gibralter* an Island.

Country-m. I don't care what becomes of the Geese and their Gibblets, provided they don't Return to come again into the Field.

Obs. Prithee, how do the *Jacks* behave themselves upon this Account of the great Slaughter of their Brethren in *Bavaria*?

Country-m. Alack-a-day, poor Creatures! They are Confounded, the few Pence they have left they spend in Printing of Libels against the Government, as such and serve it, but of what they Write no Body takes Notice.

The poor Fellows get to the Coffee-House, and there they Rattle, Chatter, and Grin against the Government. But if the Bells begin to Ring for a Victory, they run away like so many Dogs at the Sound of a Whip and Bell.

One *High-Flying, Tory-rory, Jacobite* Monster, the Evening when the Honest People rejoyc'd for the great Victory obtain'd by the Duke of *Marlborough*, went Home to keep Company with his Dear Spouse, which being something extraordinary, she ask'd him the Reason thereof: But, alas! the poor Mortal was Speechless, he walk'd about the Room, like the Apparation of Judge *Jefferies*; and Sobbing and Sighing, made a noise like that of the famous Groaning-Board; but at the repeated Solicitations of his Wife, he open'd his Mouth, and said, *That all the People in* London *were Mad, stark Mad as any* March-*Hares*: His Wife ask'd him the Cause of their Madness; he had no further Utterance, but ascending into his Chamber, Groaning, and Wringing his Hands, he threw himself on the Bed, and wrapp'd his Head in the Blankets, to keep the Noise of the Bells out of his Ears. I am afraid the poor Fellow is Dead of the *Ding-Dongs*.

Obs. 'Tis not one Half-penny matter; if he be unwilling to hear the *Jubilee* sounds of Bells and Great Guns, he had best run his Head into the Earth; for I hope to have more occasion of such Rejoycings before Quarter-Day.

Country-m. But in Sober Sadness, Master *Observator*, what do you think of this Account of the Victory? 'Tis Authentick, by Royal Authority.

Obs. Truly this Victory seems to me much greater than at first. I always thought that we had the Advantage of the *French*, in respect to Numbers, but here I find the contrary, for according to the Confession of *Tallard*, their Army consisted of 18 Battalions more than the Confederates; and the Detachment of 1500 Horse, for the Siege of *Ingoldstadt*, so lessen'd the Number of our Squadrons, that we were Inferiour to the *French* in Horse.

Country-m. Don't tell me of Numbers, they are Cowards that tell Noses; the Duke of *Marlborough* is none of those reckoning Generals. Pray had not the *French* twice the number at *Donawart*, and did not the Duke there thrash their Jacks to their Hearts Contents?

Obs. I don't rely upon Numbers; but I mention a Superiority of Force, because in most Reigns it has been an Excuse for Cowardise in general Officers. Now suppose the Duke of *Marlborough*, when he had this opportunity of Fighting, should have counted Noses, and finding the *French* were 18 Battalions, and some Squadrons Superior to our Army, should have waited for Reinforcements, he might have lost the opportunity of doing the Nation this singular Service: No, tho' he knew them Superior in Number, he knew his own Men Superiour in Courage, on which is the surest Dependance.

Country-m. The Duke of *Marlborough* will win my Heart for ever, if he will but do one piece of Service,

Obs. What's that?

Country-m. They tell me he is now not far from that White-Liver'd Son of the Devil, the *He Whore* of *Babylon*, call'd the *Pope*. I would fain have him go and pull down the Seat of *Antichrist*, and then return to *England*, by the way of *Civita Vecchia*, and take upon him the Command of the Confederate Fleet. I'll warrant him he'll Fight the Count *de Tholouse*, without telling of Ships.

Obs. A very good Project, were it not spoil'd by the Season of the Year. Wait till another Campaign, and perhaps you may find him enter *France* by the way of *Savoy*, and return to *England* by the way of *Calice*.

Country-m. Pray God you be *John*. Here's a Bumper to his Grace, and so to Bed.

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